AN

ODE,

TO

Alexander Robertſon of Strowan, Eſq;

ODE

TO
ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of *Strowan*, Esq;

ODE.

MIRROR of Wit! Mirror of Loyalty!
Successful Darling of the sacred Nine!
What *David*, *Pindar*, *Horace* wrote, we see
With equal Lustre in thy Verses shine:
And, as the First excells the following Two,
His Theme and Vertues are renew'd in You.

II.

He! the just Image of his Maker's Heart!
Tun'd loud his Lyre, his Maker's Praise to sing:
Nor with less Warmth dost thou thyself exert,
Tow'rds injur'd *James* thy only rightful King.
He Atheists did, thou Rebels dost abhor;
So Heav'n thy Wishes crown, thy King restore.

Some

III.

Something ſo nat'ral, innocent and ſweet,
With all the Graces of Antiquity
Adorn'd, we in thy Compoſitions meet,
Peculiar to the Authors nam'd, and Thee:
Thou, in our colder North, can'ſt yet refine,
An Ore, as precious, from as rich a Mine.

IV.

Chief of thy Houſe, and Foremoſt of thy Name,
Let others boaſt their Int'reſt in thy Blood:
I, on another Score, thy *Friendſhip* claim,
Happy, if thou eſteem my Title good:
Ally'd in Genius, is a bold Ally:
Excuſe th' Ambition that aſpires ſo high.

V.

Whether that **Eden* thou alone canſt rear,
The Subject be of thy immortal Verſe;
Or that, harmonious to a *Britiſh* Ear,
Thou doſt the Royal *Hebrew*'s Strains rehearſe,
I kindle, as I read, nor fail to be
Inſpir'd, reflecting on thy Works and Thee.

---

* His *Hermitage*.

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